

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MILES GAFFIN'S SECRET STORE.

## MAIDEN MAY.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE SMUGGLER'S VAULT.

THE appearance of young Gaffin at Hurlston must be here explained to the reader.

The old mill on the cliff, which belonged to Sir Reginald Castleton, was in a somewhat decayed condition, and had been long unoccupied, when, a short time before the period at which our story commences,

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a stranger calling himself Miles Gaffin, a miller by trade, called on Mr. Groocock and offered to take it. As he was ready to give a better rent than the steward had expected to receive, he was glad to let it.

Miles Gaffin had occupied the mill for about a year, when, leaving it in charge of his man, he disappeared for a time, and returned with a wife and three boys, whom he placed in a neat cottage at some little distance from the mill. His wife was a foreigner

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

of dark complexion, who spoke no English, a careworn, spirit-broken woman, it was said. She had little or no intercourse with her neighbours, who were unable to find out anything about her; indeed, either by her husband's orders or her own wish, she never admitted any of them within her doors.

Some time after Miles Gaffin had been established at the mill, a lugger appeared off the coast, on board which he was seen to go. He had previously declared to Mr. Grocock, notwithstanding his sunburnt countenance and undoubted sailor-like look, that he knew nothing of nautical affairs. Mr. Grocock began to suspect that he had been deceived in the matter on finding that Gaffin had sailed away in the lugger and did not return for many weeks. He confessed with a laugh, when he next met the steward, that he was really fond of the sea, and that whenever his business would allow him he proposed taking a trip to indulge his fancy. He went so far, even, as to invite Mr. Grocock to accompany him, his offer, however, as may be supposed, being declined.

On one side of the mill the ground sloped rapidly down for twenty feet or more, and here a house had been erected, the roof of which reached scarcely higher than the basement of the mill itself, so that the arms on which the sails were stretched could pass freely over it. This building had been in even a more dilapidated condition than the mill itself. The lower portion was used as a stable, where the miller kept his horse; the upper contained two rooms. Miles Gaffin had partially repaired the house, and had had the two rooms fitted up as sleeping apartments, that he might, as he said, put up any guests whom he could not accommodate in his own house. From the time he had taken possession of it he had, however, admitted none of his neighbours, though it was rumoured that strange men who had landed from the suspicious lugger had been observed entering the house, and sometimes leaving it, either on foot or on horseback, and making their way inland; lights also had been seen at all hours of the night, when certainly the mill itself was not at work. It was remarked, too, by several of the fishermen in the neighbourhood, that the stranger had been carrying on some work or other either inside the house or below the mill, as they had observed a large quantity of earth which had been thrown down over the cliff, and though part of it had been washed away by the spring tides, it still went on increasing. When one of them made an observation to him on the subject, he replied promptly that he had heard a noise one night and had no doubt that part of the cliff had given way. However, considering the risk there was, should such have been the case, of his mill being carried down bodily to the beach, he took the matter very coolly.

From time to time a still larger quantity of earth was observed, and it was whispered by one or two of his more sagacious neighbours that Miles Gaffin must be excavating a vault beneath his mill, possibly for the purpose of forming a granary, in which to store corn purchased by him when prices were low. Why, however, he had not employed any of the labourers in the neighbourhood, or why he should have the work carried on in secret, no one could determine. Still the idea prevailed that a vault of some sort had been formed; but after a time the matter was forgotten. No one, indeed, had much fancy for asking the miller inquisitive questions, as he generally gave such replies as to make people wish that they had not put

them. He was, indeed, looked upon as a morose, haughty man, who, considering himself superior to the other inhabitants of the village, was not inclined to allow any familiarity. He had never been known to seek for custom. He had brought a man with him to work the mill who was even more surly and morose than his master. Poor Dusty Dick, as he was called, was deaf and dumb, so that he could only express his feelings by his looks, and they were unprepossessing in the extreme. When corn was brought he ground it and returned the proper quantity of flour on receiving payment, though he would never give it up without that.

The miller wished it to be understood that he ground his neighbours' corn as a favour, and that his chief profits arose from turning into flour the wheat which came by sea on board the lugger. This statement was borne out by the large number of sacks which her crew were frequently seen landing. Waggon from a distance also frequently arrived, and being loaded with flour, were sent off again to the places from whence they came. The miller's business, however, it was evident, was not a steady one; sometimes for weeks together the long arms of the mill were only seen working for a few hours now and then, and at others the miller and his companions were as busy as bees, while the sails went spinning round at a great rate, as if trying to make amends for lost time.

Miles Gaffin continued to make frequent voyages in the lugger of which he was generally supposed to be the owner. Sometimes he was several months together absent. When he came back he was so busy at the mill that he was seldom seen at the cottage where his family resided.

As soon as his boys were old enough he sent them away to school. When they came back for their holidays they were noted chiefly for being the most noisy, wild, and worst-mannered lads in the place, especially held in dread by Miss Pemberton, who had frequently rebuked them when she saw them playing games on a Sunday in the village, and had received rude answers in return. The youngest was, notwithstanding, a fine, manly-looking boy, and the only one ever seen in his father's company.

On one occasion Gaffin had taken him on board the lugger, but the lad had not returned, and it was said that he had been knocked overboard in a gale of wind and drowned.

On Gaffin's return after this event, his wife, as it was supposed, on his suddenly communicating the boy's death, became ill. A doctor was sent for, but the stroke had gone too far home for human cure, and in a short time the hapless woman breathed her last. Miles then sent back his sons to school, and, greatly to the relief of Miss Pemberton, they did not make their appearance in the village. He gave up his cottage, and after that took up his abode when at Hurlston entirely at the mill-house.

A short time before the reappearance of his son at Hurlston as just mentioned, he had himself, after a considerable absence, returned. He had been of late unsuccessful in his undertakings, whatever they were, and even Dusty Dick, as he observed his master's countenance, thought it prudent as much as possible to keep out of his way.

Several strangers had come with him on board the lugger, and had taken possession of one of the rooms in the mill-house, while he occupied the other. They were personages unaccustomed, apparently, to soft-

beds or luxuries of any sort, so that they were perfectly at home in the roughly furnished room, and when they wished to sleep they found, when wrapped in their cloaks, all the comfort they desired.

The miller and his guests were seated round the table, on which stood the remnants of their supper. Their conversation related chiefly to an adventure in which they had lately been engaged, while political subjects were also discussed.

"Now, mates," said Gaffin, rising, "I have got business to attend to before I turn in;" but his companions, protesting that he must not go, would not allow him to finish the sentence.

"You are not going to leave us yet, captain, are you? We have not reached the small hours of the night," said one of them. "We are on firm ground, and no king's cruisers are in chase of us. You need not fear to stay."

Gaffin still, however, refused to sit down again, even though other urgent appeals were made to him.

"I have told you, mates, that I have business to attend to. Amuse yourselves as you list, only don't get to brawling, or burn the house down in your revels." The smuggler captain, for such he appeared to be considered by his ruffianly companions, without again speaking left the room.

He repaired at once to his own chamber, and sitting down at a table on which a lamp burned, he opened a desk, took a huge pocket-book from his coat, and began to examine several documents which it contained.

"I must raise the wind by fair means or foul to satisfy my fellows, as well as to make another venture before I cry die. Unless that is as unsuccessful as the last, I shall soon redeem my fortunes."

He sat for some time ruminating, now and then turning to his papers and casting up accounts. Suddenly a thought occurred to him. "How came I so long to forget the chest I got out of the wreck from which old Halliburt saved that little girl?" he muttered. "Though I took out not a few valuables, there were all sorts of things at the bottom of the chest, which, now I think of it, I never turned over. I will have a look at them this very night; even a few gold pieces would be welcome, and it was evidently the treasure-chest of some Indian nabob or other—his ill-gotten gains from the wretched natives he had fleeced and cheated."

He went to a chest of drawers, in which he found a key.

"This must be it," he said, "by its foreign make."

Taking the lamp, he left the chamber and descended the stairs. The sound of boisterous revelry proceeded from the room where his guests were assembled.

"The drunken brutes are not likely to disturb me," he growled out, "and Dick is fast asleep in his loft."

Going across the stable, on removing a heap of straw he found a low door which opened with a key he produced from his pocket. Going through it, he closed it carefully behind him.

He now stood in a low vaulted cavern, the earth supported by upright pieces of stout timber with flat boards above them, which prevented the sandy soil in which it was cut from falling in. This was the excavation which he, with a few trusty companions, had formed many years ago.

Various sorts of goods were piled up in it—casks of spirits, bales of tobacco, silk, and several other

articles. In a recess at the farther end was a large chest.

After several attempts—for the lock from disuse was rusted—he opened it, and placing the lamp resting on a piece of board at one corner of the chest, he sat down on a cask by its side. On first glancing into it there appeared to be little or nothing within, but on examining it further he found that there was a large tray at the bottom, which apparently on some former hurried examination had escaped his notice. On lifting this a number of articles were revealed closely packed; they were mostly cases of various sizes. There was a jewel-handled sword, a curious dagger, and a brace of richly ornamented pistols, two or three silver bowls and cups, and other articles which had probably been presented by native princes or other wealthy men to the owner of the chest. Several of the cases contained jewels evidently of great value, which, as they glittered in the light, the smuggler gazed at with intense satisfaction.

"And I have had all this wealth at my command and never knew of it," he muttered. "I guessed the girl must have had wealthy friends, and as this chest must have belonged to them it would have been worth my while to get hold of her. As, however, they have never appeared, I have been saved the trouble and expense she would have been to me, and now this store comes just in the nick of time when I want it most. The only difficulty will be to dispose of all these things without raising suspicion as to how I came by them. Still, at the worst I can but tell the truth, should questions be asked, and prove that I got them from a wreck. At all events there are Jews enough in London who will give me cash for them, though it may cost me not a little trouble to wring their proper value out of them."

Such were the thoughts which occupied the smuggler's mind as he examined in succession the articles which have been mentioned. At last he came to another case, or writing desk, which was locked.

"I may as well overhaul the whole at once," he thought; "I must get this open somehow."

A sailor's strong knife was the only implement at hand; he broke off a portion of the blade in making the attempt. At length he succeeded, though he injured the case in the operation. Placing the desk on his knees he examined the contents, which consisted of a number of papers—title-deeds, official documents in oriental characters, and other papers apparently of value, together with several bills of exchange for a large amount, and rolls of gold coin.

"Ah, ha! these will save me from going to the Jews as yet," he exclaimed. "I will keep the jewels and other things till any future necessity compels me to part with them."

Having examined the coin to assure himself that he was not mistaken, he was glancing carelessly over the papers when his eye fell on a name which attracted his attention. He eagerly read through the paper, and then looked for another and another. A deep frown settled on his brow, while a look of satisfaction kindled in his eye.

"Nothing could be better," he exclaimed. "This is the chance I have waited for; I can now carry out my design more thoroughly; and while I enrich myself I shall without risk humble those I have good reason to hate."



He was now lost in thought, now again he glanced over the papers.

"They and the other things will be safer here, where they have lain so long, than in the house, which may get burned down through some drunken spree by the fellows I have to harbour. But the coin may as well go into my pockets at once," he said to himself as he put back the desk with its contents in the chest.

Having replaced the tray, he brought some straw from another part of the vault, and threw in a sufficient quantity to conceal it, should by any chance the chest be opened by any one else.

At length leaving the vault, he returned to his chamber. His companions' revels had ceased, and now loud snores only came from the room where they were sleeping. He threw himself on his bed, but his brain was too hard at work to allow him to sleep.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—MILES GAFFIN, JUNIOR.

MILES GAFFIN lay on his bed turning over in his thoughts the information he had obtained, and considering how he could gain the most advantage from it. Returning to the table, he sat down to write. He was a man of decision; with him to propose was to act. "My son Miles," he wrote, for it was not his wont to use terms of endearment, "you are to come here at once. Tell Mr. Crotch so from me; you need not say more to him. I want you to make your fortune by a way to which you will not object—marrying a young and pretty wife. When you come you shall know more about the matter. Get a good rig out so as to appear to advantage. Wait at the Texford Arms, where I will meet you, but don't come to the mill. From your father, Miles Gaffin."

The letter was speedily sealed and directed, and sent off the next morning to the post by one of his companions, who by that time was sufficiently sober to undertake the errand.

Gaffin's lugger, the *Lively*, lay at anchor off the mill. He had previously intended going away in her, but he now was anxious to see his son before he sailed. His difficulty in the meantime was to dispose of his guests. They, however, as long as his supply of liquor and provisions lasted, would be content to remain where they were.

He had no wish to bring his son among them, for, bad as he himself was, he had, since the loss of his youngest boy, kept his other two children ignorant of his mode of life, though it was possible that the elder might have suspected it from what he must have remembered in his younger days.

Gaffin waited with more patience than he generally exercised till he calculated that a sufficient time had elapsed to allow of his son's arrival. He then walked down to the little inn in the village.

Just as he reached it a post-chaise drove up to the door, out of which stepped a young man whom he recognised as Miles, though he had not seen him for the last three or four years.

The landlady having shown Gaffin into a room, young Miles followed him.

"Well, I want to know more of this business you sent for me about," said the young man, throwing himself into a chair. "I have done as you told me, and I hope you think I have a good chance."

Gaffin surveyed his son for a moment.

"Yes, you will do, as far as that goes," he answered. "Now listen to me. I don't want to be

asked questions, but do you trust to me and go ahead. There is a young girl whom you remember when you were a boy. She was found on board a wreck by Adam Halliburt the fisherman, and brought up by him and his wife. Two old ladies here took a fancy to her, and have given her an education which has made her fit to be the wife of any gentleman in the land. She is pretty, too, and everything a young fellow could wish for. I happen to know to a certainty that she is a prize worth winning. When you have seen her, I am much mistaken if you would not give your eyes to have her without asking any questions, and I am not going to answer them if you do. I have your interests at heart, and wish to serve you in the matter."

"I have no doubt you have; but I should like to have a look at the girl before I decide," answered young Miles.

"That you can do to-morrow at church, where she is sure to be; and when you have seen her, don't let there be any shilly-shallying—make up to her at once."

Gaffin, satisfied that his son would do all he desired, charged him to keep himself quiet, and not to get into any scrapes while at Hurlston.

"People here will know you are my son, so just get a good name for yourself, and whatever they may think, they cannot say you are not a fit match for the old fisherman's foster-daughter," and Gaffin gave way to a laugh such as he rarely indulged in. "I will come down here and have a talk with you after you have seen the girl."

The conference over, Gaffin again charged his son to behave himself, and with no more show of affection than he had exhibited on the young man's arrival, took his departure and returned to the mill.

He kept within doors endeavouring to maintain order among his lawless associates. He wished not to be seen in company with his son, or to let it be supposed that he was instigating him in his siege on Maiden May's heart. From the accounts he had received from Mr. Crotch of that young gentleman's talents, he believed that he could allow the matter to rest securely in his hands.

Gaffin had an excuse for remaining at the mill, as a larger quantity of grist than usual had been brought; and for a wonder its long arms, with the sails stretched out, went merrily round and round, giving Dusty Dick ample employment.

Several days passed, and Gaffin again went in the evening to the Texford Arms to meet his hopeful son. "The young gentleman was in," the landlady answered; "in the room up-stairs."

"Well, what progress have you made?" asked Gaffin, as he entered and found young Miles lounging lazily about.

Miles then told the story of his rejection—how he waited for Maiden May, and the rebuff he had received, and how Jacob had interposed.

"The long and short of it is," said Gaffin, as soon as he could master his anger, "that you frightened the young lady, and got a rebuff, which you might have expected; but as for the young fellow, I know who he is, and he won't interfere with you. Just do you go on and persevere, and if you do not succeed we must try other means. Marry the girl I am determined you shall, whether she likes it or not, and I can depend upon you. Remember I am not one to have my plans thwarted, least of all by my own son."

"I will not thwart them, you may trust me for that," answered Miles; "the girl is about as pretty as I ever set eyes on, and I am obliged to you for putting me up to the matter. But, I say, I should like to know more about her. You led me to suppose that there is some secret you have got hold of; what is it?"

"That's nothing to you at present. Your business is to win the girl, whether she is a fisherman's or a lord's daughter. She was brought up as the Halliburts' child, though I suppose she knows that she is not; yet she has no reason to think much of herself, except on account of her good looks, and those, from what I have heard of the old ladies she lives with, they would have taught her not to pride herself on."

Gaffin's last directions to his son were to keep himself quiet for a time, and to wait his opportunity for again meeting May under more favourable circumstances.

"I will write to Crotch, and tell him that a matter of importance keeps you from returning just yet, and if good luck attends us you may not see his face again. I will not say that, though, eh?" and Gaffin indulged in a chuckle, the nearest approach he ever made to a laugh.

# IZAAB WALTON.

## I.

THERE is a wonderful charm, as every one concedes, belonging to the writings of Izaak Walton. Not only is he especially esteemed by the honest brethren of the angle, but by all those who know how to love and value the sweet and serious literature of the seventeenth century. The still, quiet figure of the good old man, engaged in his harmless occupation by peaceful waters and green pastures, with a heart overflowing with love towards God and towards man, breaks most gratefully on the times, stormy or dissolute, in which he lived. As Mr. Keble beautifully says:

"A fouler vision yet; an age of light,  
Light without love, glares on the aching sight;  
O who can tell how calm and sweet,  
Meek Walton! shows thy green retreat,  
When wearied with the tale thy times disclose,  
The age first finds thee out in thy secure repose?"

And now read—we cannot have a better introduction to our subject—Wordsworth's fine sonnet on Walton's "Lives."

"There are no colours in the fairest sky  
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men  
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye  
We read of Faith and purest Charity  
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.  
O could we copy their mild virtues, then  
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!  
Methinks their very names shine still and bright;  
Apart, like glowworms on a summer's night;  
Or lovely tapers when from far they fling  
A guiding ray; or seen like stars on high,  
Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

What we know of the life of Izaak Walton is

indeed but scanty, and any account of it has chiefly to be gathered up from stray notices in his own writings. We know that he was born at Stafford, and by the register of St. Mary's Church there it appears that his birth was on the 9th of August, 1593. We know nothing of his birth, parentage, or education, or any fact concerning him until we find him established as a tradesman in London. He first lived in the Royal Bourse, in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham; he afterwards lived on the north side of Fleet Street, two doors west of Chancery Lane. The house was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton, and John Mason, milliner. He was a linendraper, or, as he is sometimes called, a sempster; the millinery part of the business may have been carried on by his wife. Walton was twice married; his first wife's name is unknown, but it is conjectured that she belonged to the family of Archbishop Cranmer. More is known of his second wife. This lady was daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister to that good bishop and saintly poet, Dr. Thomas Ken, the author of the Morning and the Evening Hymn. In the year 1643 he left London, having made, perhaps, a modest competence, but more probably being anxious to leave on account of the civil war which had broken out, and the little sympathy which his own royalist opinions would at that time receive in the city. It was during his residence in London, in the peaceful times before the troubles of the Long Parliament, that Walton would betake himself in his hours of recreation to his favourite pursuit of fishing. He then chiefly fished in the Lea, that rises in Hertfordshire and falls into the Thames below Blackwall; perhaps, also, he fished at times in the New River, which had not long been cut.

Wood tells us that "finding it dangerous for honest men" to live in London, "he left that city, and lived sometimes at Stafford, and elsewhere; but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much obliged." He seems to have had a small estate of his own near Stafford, where he was not altogether unmolested on account of his political opinions, but underwent his share of troubles. It is most probable that his wife's connections brought him into extraordinary intimacies with distinguished bishops, who proved bishops more accessible in their time of depression and misfortune than in their prosperity. While residing at Stafford he was within manageable distance of the River Dove, where he spent many of his happiest days. Before he quitted London he had already collected materials for his Life of Donne, at the request of Sir Henry Wotton, the Provost of Eton, who had intended to publish a Life, and after Sir Henry's death Walton published a folio collection of Donne's Sermons, together with the Life, much to the gratification of Donne's family. At the request of Bishop King he published the Life of Wotton, and he was very possibly the editor of the *Reliquie Wottonianae*. The "Angler, or Complete Fisherman," intervened before the other Lives. He appears to have kept up a connection with his old parish, as several of his children were baptized at St. Dunstan's; and here, too, his "Angler" was published ten years after he had quitted the parish. Walton had been a great man in the parish, punctual at vestries, and serving the offices of overseer and constable for the precinct next Temple Bar. The register-book duly records the last time when he sat in vestry. We may with

some reason imagine his house "half timbered, with projecting windows, overhanging stories, and gabled fronts, and some enriched ceilings." Such houses long remained at the corner of Chancery Lane, and Walton's house was two doors from the corner. There was a peculiarly tender intimacy between Walton and his rector, Dr. Donne, and Walton calls himself his convert. Walton was one of those to whom Donne bequeathed a seal with his device of an anchor of hope, and the worthy citizen always kept it by him for continual use.

We have said that the chief materials for a Life of Walton must be gleaned from himself. Let us now examine the volume of Walton's "Lives," with the intention of gleaning from it any autobiographical notices which it may contain. We shall not have far to go. First of all we look to the "Dedication" of the "Lives," which we find addressed to the Bishop of Winchester: "The two first were written under your roof; for which reason, if they were worth it, you might fairly challenge a Dedication." Then comes an address "To the Reader," in which he gives an account of the composition of the "Lives": "By my undertaking to collect some notices for Sir Henry Wotton's writing the Life of Dr. Donne, and by Sir Henry's dying before he performed it, I became like those men that enter easily into a lawsuit, or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet, when they desire it." He goes on to say that having written the "Lives" of Donne and Wotton, "I lay quiet twenty years without a thought of either troubling myself or others." At the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury he became engaged in his Life of Hooker, in order to correct the mistakes made in Bishop Gauden's Life of him. "For the Life of that great example of holiness, Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be so far a freewill offering that it was writ chiefly to please myself; but yet not without respect to posterity." At the time when Walton wrote his dedication to the Bishop of Winchester, the Life of Bishop Sanderson was not written, and accordingly he has a separate dedication for the Life of Sanderson addressed to the Bishop of Winchester. There is an introduction to the Life of Donne, "the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it." We give an extract from this introduction.

"And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bondman was (The grateful wretch had been left alone on the seashore with the forsaken body of his once-glorious lord and master; and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat to make a funeral pile to burn it)—'Who art thou, that alone hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the Great?' so who am I that do thus officiously set the author's memory on fire? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain. . . . And if the author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of his officious duty, confident I am that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory: for whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent; and I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven."

Izaak Walton, in his Life of Herbert, mentions

one of Donne's sermons, of whom undoubtedly he must have been a frequent hearer. Walton is speaking of Herbert's mother: "I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was the Dean of St. Paul's) weep and preach her funeral sermon in the parish church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave."

At the end of the Life of Donne we have a specimen of Izaak Walton's poetry in the elegy upon him. We quote the conclusion:—

"Dwell on these joys, my thoughts! oh do not call  
Grief back, by thinking on his funeral.  
Forget he loved me: waste not my swift years  
Which haste to David's seventy, filled with fears  
And sorrows for his death: forget his parts,  
They find a living grave in good men's hearts:  
And, for my first is daily paid for sin,  
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:  
Forget his powerful preachings; and forget  
I am his convert. Oh my frailty! let  
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude  
This lethargy; so should my gratitude,  
My vows of gratitude should be so broke,  
Which can no more be, than his virtues spoke  
By any but himself: for which cause, I  
Write no encomiums but this elegy;  
Which, as a free-will offering, I here give  
Fame and the world; and parting with it, grieve  
I want abilities fit to set forth  
A monument as matchless as his worth."

I am indebted to "Notes and Queries" (1858) for a couple of lines which Walton wrote in his copy of Sibbes's "Returning Backslider":—

"Of this blest man let this just praise be given—  
Heaven was in him before he was in heaven."

This couplet is pointed enough, but as a rule Walton's verse is much inferior to his prose.

There is hardly any writer so beloved by the lovers of old literature as Izaak Walton. The late Mr. Pickering, the well-known bookseller, mentions that he had "for forty years angled for every scrap that would illustrate Walton's life and writings." This assiduity on the part of his admirers has not been altogether unrewarded, as may be seen by referring to that very valuable periodical, "Notes and Queries." There is a rare little volume, entitled "The Heroe of Lorenzo; or, The Way to Eminencie and Perfection. A piece of serious Spanish Wit, originally in that Language written, and in English." This contains a preface, entitled "Let this be told to the Reader," signed "I. W.," which doubtless here signifies Izaak Walton. Who would not recognise the style of honest Izaak in such sentences as these?—"In a retirement of that learned knight's (by reason of a sequestration for his master's cause) a friend coming to visit him they fell accidentally into a discourse of the wit and gallantry of the Spanish nation. That discourse occasioned an example or two to be brought out of his 'Hero,' and those examples (with Sir John's choice language and illustration) were so relisht by his friend (a stranger to the Spanish tongue) that he became restless till he got a promise from Sir John to translate the whole, which he did in a few weeks; and so long as that employment lasted, it proved an excellent diversion from his many sad thoughts. But he hath now chang'd that condition, to be possesst of

\* "Not  
† It is  
years in  
Memoir by  
labours of



that place into which sadness is not capable of entrance."\*

The same journal gives a notice from a ms. diary of Izaak Walton's son. His character was what we should expect in his father's son; he died at Salisbury in 1719, "a very pious, sober, learned, inoffensive, charitable, good man." A ms. letter of Walton's is also reprinted, in which he sends a friend his Life of George Herbert: "Much good doe you with the booke which I wish better." It gives also a notice of the discovery of the monument of Anne Ken, Izaak Walton's second wife, and the sister of the good bishop. It was found at the east angle of the north wall of the Lady Chapel of Worcester Cathedral, and is in Italic writing on an oval cartouche. "Here lyeth buried so much as could dye of ANNE, the wyfe of IZAAC WALTON, who was a woman of remarkable Prudence and of the Primitive Piety, her greate and generall knowledge being adorned with such true Humillitie, and blest with so much Christian Meeknesse, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument. She dyed (alas that shee's dead) the 17th of April, 1662, aged 52. Study to be like her."†

Walton's introduction to the Life of Hooker, in which he tells us how he came to write this Life, has some autobiographic interest. "About forty years past (for I am now past the seventy of my age) I began a happy affinity with William Cranmer (now with God), grandnephew unto the great Archbishop of that name; a family of noted prudence and resolution; with him and two of his sisters I had an entire and free friendship." It is conjectured that this "affinity" refers to his first marriage. It might be wished that Walton had gathered up the family traditions respecting the private life of Cranmer, and had given us a familiar biography of the martyr-prelate. This William Cranmer and his sisters had been very familiar with Hooker and partly educated by him, and it was in this way that Walton derived the materials for the Life. "Though that full harvest be irrecoverably lost, yet my memory hath preserved some gleanings, and my diligence made such additions to them as I hope will prove useful to the completion of what I intend." In his introduction to the Life of Herbert, Walton mentions the interesting circumstance that he did not himself know Herbert, but that he had seen him. He commences the introduction thus: "In a late retreat from the business of this world, and those many little cares with which I have too often cumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of those historical passages that are recorded in sacred story; and more particularly of what had passed betwixt our blessed Saviour and that wonder of women and sinners and mourners, Saint Mary Magdalen. . . And I do now consider that because she loved much, not only much was forgiven her; but that, beside that blessed blessing of having her sins pardoned and the joy of knowing her happy condition, she also had from him a testimony that her alabaster box of precious ointment . . . should be recorded and mentioned wheresoever his gospel should be read; intending thereby that as his, so her name should also live to succeeding generations, even till time itself shall be no more. Upon occasion

of which fair example I did lately look back, and not without some content (at least to myself) that I have endeavoured to deserve the love and preserve the memory of my two deceased friends, Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments and various accidents of their lives."

One or two interesting autobiographical touches occur in the Life of Sanderson. In his introduction he says: "I am now glad that I have collected these memoirs, which lay scattered, and contracted them into a narrower compass; and if I have, by the pleasant toil of doing so, either pleased or profited any man, I have attained what I designed when I first undertook it. But I seriously wish, both for the reader's and Dr. Sanderson's sake, that posterity had known his great learning and virtue by a better pen; by such a pen as could have made his life as immortal as his learning and merits ought to be." The most interesting of these details is his account of meeting Bishop Sanderson in the time of his depressed estate during the Commonwealth: "I met him accidentally in London, in sad coloured clothes, and, in truth, far from costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part forcibly, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a pent-house (for it began to rain), and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire, for our money." Then Walton goes on to give some charming and instructive conversation of the good bishop's while the two sat together over their fire, while the wind and rain were loud out of doors. It is thus that Walton concludes Sanderson's Life, the last of his biographies: "It is now too late to wish that my life may be like his, for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and do as earnestly beg of every reader to say Amen."

Soon after the publication of Fuller's "Church History," Walton asked Fuller if he could supply him with some particulars of the life of Hooker. Fuller took the opportunity, knowing Walton's episcopal intimacies, to inquire how people liked his work. Walton replied characteristically, that "he thought it would be acceptable to all tempers, because there were shades in it for the warm, and sunshine for those of a cold constitution; that with youthful readers the facetious parts would be proper to make the serious more palatable, while some reverend old readers might fancy themselves in his 'History of the Church' as in a flower-garden or one full of evergreens." "And why not," said Fuller, "the Church history so decked, as well as the Church itself at a most holy season, as the tabernacle of old at the feast of boughs?" "That was but for a season," said Walton; "in your feast of boughs we are so overshadowed throughout, that the parson is no more seen than his congregation."

It might not be difficult to discover further traces of Walton's writings. In Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," besides references to him, we have at least one express acknowledgment of assistance. In his notice of an obscure maker of Greek and Latin verses, John Ailmer, Wood says: "He died at Petersfield on Good Friday, April 5, in sixteen hundred seventy and two, and was buried at the church of Havant in Hampshire, as I have been informed

\* "Notes and Queries," vol. xi.

† It is rather remarkable that this should have been printed of forty years in "Notes and Queries" as a discovery. It is to be found in the Memoir by Sir Harris Nicholas, which completely flings into the shade the labours of all previous editors.

by the letters of my sometime friendly acquaintance, Mr. Isaac Walton, dated at Farnham, 26 May, 1683." (He had probably been staying at Farnham with his friend the bishop.) In looking over Wood we have noticed one or two passages of a very Waltonian tone, which suggest the idea that Wood may have used the information and the very words of his friend and correspondent. Again, in Ashmole's "History of the Order of the Garter" there is a curious anecdote to the effect that after the battle of Worcester King Charles the Second's "lesser George" was for some time "in the trusty hands" of Mr. Izaak Walton, who conveyed it to Colonel Blague, a prisoner in the Tower.

We will now turn to the classical volume of the "Complete Angler." A copy of the first edition is now quite a valuable piece of property. The original motto was, "Simon Peter saith unto him, I go fishing." There is an Epistle Dedicatory to the Right Worshipful John Offley, of Madeley Manor, the same Madeley associated so intimately in future times with the memory of the holy Fletcher. There are other initial words to all readers, "but especially to the honest angler." The scenery and personages of the book are exceedingly simple. An angler, a hunter, and a falconer fell into conversation on Tottenham Hill, and each warmly commends his own pursuit. There is a very animated and fair argument between Piscator, Venator, and Auceps. In Cotton's Second Part of the "Angler," Venator, who reappears under the character of Viator, represents himself as quite convinced by the arguments. "To be plain with you," he is made to say, "I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of Venator; for I was wholly addicted to the chase till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion." The worthy angler dwells with complacency, and even with some degree of comfort, on the scriptural mention of fishers. Job speaks of fish-hooks, and so does Amos. In the Canticles, the eyes of the beloved are likened to the "fishpools of Heshbon." David has said that "they that occupy themselves in deep waters see the wonderful works of God." Four of the apostles were simple fishermen. "He never reproved them for their employment or callings as he did scribes and the money-changers. And, secondly, he found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild and sweet and peaceable spirit, as indeed most anglers are." He cites various good men of his acquaintance who were fishermen. In a later part of the book he repeats Herbert's sweet poem,

"Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,"

as describing his own fishing days, and Venator says, "I thank you, good master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man; and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses, who, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended." It is noticeable that Walton makes his anglers commence their sport at five o'clock in the morning. They are made to adjourn to an honest hostel. "I'll now lead you to an honest alehouse where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; there my hostess, which I may tell you is both

cleanly, and handsome, and honest, hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat." There is a pretty passage, also, in which the fisherman meets the milkmaid and her mother. The milkmaid sang, and it was that smart song which was made by Kit Marlow—

"Come live with me and be my love."

And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days:—

"If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love."

We select a few brief extracts as specimens of the unique style of the book:—

#### OF BIRDS.

As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. . . . But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the weary labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have, very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth.

#### THE ANGLER'S PROSPECT.

I could there sit quietly, and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver stream, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these and many other field-flowers so perfumed the air that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off and to lose their hottest scents. I say, as I thus sat joying in my own happy condition, and pitying the poor rich man, that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the *meek possess the earth*; or rather they enjoy what the other possess and enjoy not; for anglers and meek quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life.

#### THANKFULNESS.

Let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasures we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the



pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told that if a man that was born blind, could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour, during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so ad-

reference to the art of which it treats. The waters of his own Dove are not more pure and clear than this stream of English undefiled. A great man used to say that he desired no better companion for a post-chaise than this "Contemplative Man's Recreation." With Izaak Walton's work is generally bound up the so-called "Second Part of the Complete Angler," by Charles Cotton, "being instructions how to angle



*"A good name is better than a great revenue"*

*f z = wa*

adore the glory of it that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first lavishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a-fishing.

For eighty years the graceful writer of the "Complete Angler" was overlooked. Dr. Johnson was by no means insensible to its charm, and at his instigation it was revived by Moses Brown. People came to understand that as a literary work it had a value independent of, and superior to, any special

for a trout or grayling in a clear stream." There are here some interesting allusions to Walton which have a biographical value. Piscator is made to say: "I must tell you further, that I have the happiness to know his person and to be intimately acquainted with him, and in him to know the worthiest man and to enjoy the best, with the truest friend any man ever had; nay, I shall yet acquaint you further that he gives me leave to call him father, and I hope he is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted son."

My Father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like; and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies, I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me."

I imagine that the experience of many of my readers will coincide with that of Washington Irving in his Sketch-book: "It is said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe; and I suspect that in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle-rods in hand may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his 'Complete Angler' several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and moreover that we were all completely bitten with the angling mania. It was early in the year, but as soon as the weather was auspicious, and that the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand and sallied into the country, as stark and mad as was ever Don Quixote from reading books of chivalry. . . . For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, 'that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it.' I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees reading old Izaak, satisfied that it was his vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling."

## MATTHEW MORRISON:

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

#### CHAPTER X.—MRS. BRAIDFUTE DROPS OUR ACQUAINTANCE.

AS my mother continued to take no notice of his wife, Cousin Braidfute, some weeks after his marriage, humbled himself so far as to come and expostulate with her. Some of his most important friends, including his minister, had shown him the cold shoulder since the event, while his brother magistrates had made it a subject of jest even at the council board. These annoyances made him doubly anxious that my mother should countenance his wife. She had resolved against any concession, but her kind heart could ill resist entreaty, and he succeeded in extorting a promise from her to call upon his wife.

"I could not do otherwise, Matthew," she said to me afterwards, "when I saw the man so humbled and crestfallen, and no doubt it will be better for that unfortunate bairn Sarah that I keep on some terms with her stepmother."

And accordingly she set off next forenoon to wait on the "young folk," as new-married people are called in Scotland, "just to get it over, since it must be," she said, with the look of one suffering for conscience' sake.

"Bairns," she said, sitting down beside us on her return, and untying the strings of the hideous widow's bonnet of that time, "you would be thinking I was lost. But really my spirit was so tried with that hussy yonder, that I looked in at George's Square on my way back, and sat awhile with Miss Kemp to compose myself. Would you believe it, laddies!

I found madam sitting in state in the best parlour in an arm-chair, which she had not the civility to offer to me, and with gloves on her hands—she that was scouring the pans the other day! And she could not help me to the wine and cake herself, though they were in a press in the very room, but must needs ring the bell—the silly tawpie!—for the servant-lass to bring them out. Even he had more sense, for he wanted to get them himself; but I saw her give him a 'gloom,' and so the poor coof sat down again. I was so provoked with them both that I could scarcely command myself to drink their healths and wish them happiness. Happiness! there will be little of that going yonder, or I am much mistaken. But, bairns, I've asked them to their tea next week, that we may just get done with it at once. We'll ask the Miss Gilmkinsons to meet them—I couldn't invite Miss Kemp to drink tea with the like of Cousin Braidfute and his wife—and we'll have Mr. Meggat. And now I've done all that can possibly be expected from me, and, indeed, I have done much more than I once thought I could have been brought to."

They came on the evening appointed; and very grand did Mrs. Braidfute look in her crimson gown, gold chain, and other wedding "braws." But if ever man looked humbled and henpecked, it was Cousin Braidfute. The lady was evidently in a bad humour. We did our best to entertain her—and the Miss Gilmkinsons were always very good company—and we scrupulously paid her all the honours of her new married state. But either from caprice or that something in my mother's manner offended her, she sat swelling in her chair, and scarcely opened her lips. And though my mother had provided a comfortable little supper, nothing would induce her to stay to partake of it, even though she could hear the sausages fizzling in the pan, for the kitchen was close to our parlour; but off she flounced, and Cousin Braidfute and Sarah had to follow her.

And that was the first and last visit Mrs. Braidfute paid to us. He came occasionally to see us, but without his wife's knowledge we suspected. He rarely mentioned her name, and we feared that things were not comfortable at home. Compared with his old self, he was a spiritless man now, and we wondered how we had ever stood in awe of him. He became "poor Cousin Braidfute" with us at last, and we were actually glad when he dropped in, and we saw him sitting in his old place. Sarah was not permitted by her stepmother to visit us; but a year after the marriage we accidentally learned that she had been taken from school to help to nurse the baby, which by that time had made its appearance, and that she led a sad life of slavery at home.

I may mention here that my summer holidays were always spent with my friend Adam Bowman. What delicious weeks these were! How sweet were the sights and sounds of rural life to me; the ripening corn rustling in the breeze; the grass glittering with morning dew; and the Culdees loch, inclosed by quiet green hills, lying like a mirror at the foot of the farmhouse brae, reflecting every fleecy cloud that floated on the azure above; the singing of the birds, and even the early crowing of the farmyard cock! They put new life into me, these yearly visits to the Bowmans. The cheerful bustle of the plentiful farmhouse, the simple kindly home-life, of which I formed a part, were most congenial to my nature; besides, I was amongst mine own people.

## CHAPTER XI.—ARCHIE GETS INTO THE NAVY.—OUR TROUBLES WITH LODGERS.—MISS BETTY KILWINNING.

THERE was little change in our quiet household till after I had entered the Divinity Hall. Archie before then had got the appointment of clerk in the infirmary, which gave him great insight into surgery. After satisfactorily filling this situation for two years, and passing his examination as surgeon, the worthy laird of Halleraigs fulfilled his promise by getting Archie made assistant-surgeon on board his brother Captain Kennedy's vessel.

Sore, sore were we grieved to part with Archie, now a handsome young man of three-and-twenty; but it was the calling he preferred, and assuredly God could keep him on the ocean as well as on the dry land. He was in high spirits on his appointment, and therefore we strove to keep up ours. But I fear we succeeded but ill, for we were never good dissemblers. Archie himself, I think, felt more than he liked to show, for when he wrung my hand at parting (I saw him on board the vessel that was to carry him from Leith to London), he said, with the tear in his eye, "Matt, my boy, this has been a sad week to us all, and I am glad it is over. I leave our mother in your charge; and I could not leave her," he was pleased to say, "to one who could be kinder and more considerate to her. Take care of yourself, old boy, till we meet again."

"Till we meet again"—words lightly and hopefully spoken, but which, even while he uttered them, made my heart tremble. God alone knew when that time was to be—if ever. I stood on the pier and watched the receding vessel, which bore away for years my only brother, till I could see it no more; and then with a heart almost as heavy as it had been six years before, I returned home to comfort my mother. I found her calmly reading her Bible; but there were traces of tears on her face as she looked up when I entered.

For many a day the house was very cheerless for want of Archie's blythe face and voice, for though resident latterly at the infirmary, we saw him often. We lived a solitary life, for soon after Archie left us we lost Mr. Meggat's company also, he having obtained a better situation in Liverpool, where he had friends. We were never again so intimate with any lodger; it was just "fair good day" and "fair good even" between us; and except Mr. and Miss Kemp, the Miss Gilkinsons, who shared our pew in Lady Glenorchy's church, and in the winter season Mr. Kennedy's family, we had no visitors.

We soon heard of Archie joining his ship at Plymouth; and well pleased he seemed to be both with the captain and the other officers. The captain took unusual notice of him on account of the laird's recommendation, and because they were parish bairns. We always said that Archie was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Dr. Ratray, his chief, being cut off with a fever two years after Archie was appointed to the ship, he succeeded to his place, and thus became head-surgeon with full pay. We heard from him as often as could be expected, and many a ten-pound note did he send to his mother. And truly the money was much needed, for the times had become very dear, and people like us had enough to do to make a respectable appearance. But my mother prized the letters far more than the money. She kept them in an old pocket-book, and whenever she had a leisure evening it would be in

her hands, and she reading in the letters to herself or to Nelly.

But the time of the war came, and then we were long in great anxiety, for Archie's ship was in active service, and having a fighting captain to command her, must aye be among the foremost. O sirs, how we used to study the public prints at that time, hiring in a paper at a penny an hour! It pleased God, however, to preserve Archie both from death and captivity through that dangerous epoch; but when it was over it was a sore disappointment to us that he was not permitted to visit home, as his ship was ordered off to a West Indian station.

We had a succession of lodgers after Mr. Meggat left us, but we were unfortunate in all of them; perhaps he had spoiled us for the ordinary run. They were principally medical students, and what with the tobacco smoke with which they poisoned the house, and the irregular hours they kept, my mother was often greatly tried. They also brought human bones into the house; and Nelly, who was somewhat superstitious, was afraid to enter their rooms after dark. Indeed, she once craved leave to lay her bed on the floor of my mother's room, declaring herself unable to sleep alone that night on account of a skull and other remains of mortality which she had unexpectedly come upon that day when cleaning out the press in Mr. John Allshorn's bedchamber.

My mother and Nelly little guessed that such things were in the house in Archie's time, and with my connivance; but Archie kept them carefully under lock and key. They lay in a deal box under our bed, and many a time had I seen Nelly scrubbing the outside of it with soft-soap and water, happily unconscious of its contents. I cannot honestly affirm, however, that I was totally indifferent to the near neighbourhood of these relics myself—they reminded me overmuch of the kirkyard—but Archie was so hardened by familiarity with them that I felt shame to betray my feelings regarding them.

Our lodgers also gave us great concern by profaning the Sabbath day. They invariably lay long in bed that morning, and thus deprived either my mother or Nelly of the privilege of attending the forenoon worship. They had always visitors on that evening when at home, and they sat late together, and drank too much toddy. It was not seemly in a household of professing Christians, and at last we saw it to be our duty to tell the young men that we could no longer accommodate them. Then we were without lodgers for a considerable time, as none that applied would conform to our rules; but my mother fought bravely on with the help of Nelly, scrimping here and saving there, and so, though the pantry was often bare enough, we preserved a respectable appearance in the eyes of our neighbours. My mother often expressed the wish that we could get a quiet elderly lady for a lodger, and ere long it was gratified.

Miss Bethia, or Betty Kilwinning, as her friends called her, who came to lodge with us, was an elderly maiden lady of good family and independent means, but rather weak in intellect. She had been accustomed to a house of her own, but her relations prevailed upon her to give up housekeeping, for which she was unfit, being at the mercy of every dishonest servant and impostor, and take lodgings instead. Ours were recommended by Mr. Kemp, who was her man of business, and she engaged them permanently



on very liberal terms. She brought her own maid with her, a steady respectable woman, who made herself very agreeable in the house.

Poor Miss Betty was a strange creature. She had always a glimmering of sense, but at times she was very notional and capernoity. When in these moods, her mind ran generally upon housebreakers, and she could not sleep unless her door was so barricaded within as to make it no small labour for her maid, who slept in a light bed closet off her room, to move the furniture back and forward. Another of her eccentricities was the believing that every bachelor gentleman of her acquaintance was desirous of making her his wife. This infatuation had more than once exposed her to ridicule and her friends to shame. At the time she came to us, she was neither fitted by looks nor age for creating such an attachment. She was forty years old, of a very tall, gaunt personage, and she had a singularly colourless face—like a ghost's I used to think—with light lustreless eyes, and a chin out of all proportion in length to the other features. Moreover she attired herself in garments of a most extraordinary fashion. She had a prodigious quantity of clothes, having preserved almost every gown she had got from her youth up. Miss Betty's garments were therefore of every fashion which had been in vogue for more than twenty years, and just as the whim moved her, she would appear—say this day in a gown of the very scantiest proportions, with the waist up at her arm-pits, and to-morrow perhaps in a peaked and flowing dress both “syde and wyde,” with lace ruffles at the elbows—point lace her maid called it—very yellow with lying by so many years. Indeed, Miss Betty was always like a picture, though more like one wrought into old tapestry than painted on canvas.

She was occasionally seized with a mania for examining and airing this gear, and it always took her a whole day, during which no visitor was admitted to her. I once had a glimpse into her room while she and her maid were thus occupied, and truly it was like a rag fair, every article of furniture being littered with ancient faded habiliments, which exuded a most disagreeable musty smell. Her handboxes and trunks were a sight to behold, for no house could supply her with wardrobes and chests of drawers sufficient to contain all her trumpery. But she was a very inoffensive person notwithstanding these peculiarities, and gave very little trouble, some chicken broth or rice and milk being her usual dinner. My mother once ventured to recommend a mutton chop or a bit of beefsteak as more strengthening and nutritious; but Miss Betty drew herself up in a dignified way, and expressed her disgust at the proposal so decidedly, that she never repeated the liberty.

We were at first somewhat scandalised by her not attending the kirk; but we agreed that she was not to be judged like others. Her servant, Isabel Rae, likewise assured us that she read diligently in her Bible on Sabbaths as well as in Fordyce's sermons to young women. She also never omitted being present at our family worship, night and morning, and always conducted herself with great decorum. She was very ceremonious on these occasions; her deep curtsies on entering and leaving the room reminded me of some grand court lady of the olden times, especially when she had her head busked up high, and one of her antique garments on. I should

not have fked, though, to meet with such a figure in an old-fashioned house late at night. She made a point of always returning me thanks for the edification she professed to derive from our exercise; and truly, she was sometimes more gracious than I cared for after I had got an inkling of her matrimonial weakness, for like most young lads I was sensitive to ridicule.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

### II.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND'S recollections are not confined to those with whom his professional duties made him acquainted. His literary and scientific tastes brought him into contact with most of the notables of his time, and his brief notices and anecdotes are full of varied interest. In fact, no autobiography of recent times is so many-sided and so wide in its range of personal recollection.

In 1826 Sir Henry was made F.R.S., being admitted on the same evening as Lord Byron; and at his death he was the oldest Fellow. He gives the following description of the meetings of the society at Sir Joseph Banks's house in Soho Square:—

“It was a remarkable assemblage of men of a generation now gone by—but a generation which may claim parentage to the researches out of which their successors have evolved such wonderful results. Among those most constantly present were Cavendish, Wollaston, Davy, Young, Chenevix, Davies Gilbert, Pond, Prout, Robert Brown, Tenant, Hatchett, Warburton, etc. Sir W. Herschel I have seen there, but more rarely. Dalton also, whom I had well known before in his rude laboratory of broken bottles and other uncouth apparatus at Manchester, appeared occasionally—an individuality in himself, apart from the Quaker garb he wore. His relations to the Atomic theory will ever leave him a marked place in the history of physical science.

“Two striking figures at these meetings were Cavendish and Wollaston—the former the shyest and most taciturn of men; listening intently when discussion was going on, but never taking part in it; and shrinking out of sight if reference were made to himself or his own researches—Wollaston, sternly logical and sceptical, listening to others as if ever ready to refute or rebuke, and generally doing so by pungent questions to which few could venture to reply. I have often known a plausible theory, uttered by some one unconscious of Wollaston's presence, suddenly upset by two or three of these abrupt questions or comments. To the mere pretence of science he showed no mercy.”

Of Dr. Young, one of the earliest of the distinguished band of mathematicians who have founded the Undulatory Theory, the following traits are interesting:—

“Dr. Young, again, stood in singular contrast to each of the remarkable men just mentioned. His profound and very various knowledge was concealed under a certain spruceness of dress, demeanour, and voice, which strangely contradicted his Quaker origin, and perplexed those who had known him only from his scientific fame. I have seen the discoverer of some of the grandest and most occult laws of light

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loitering with ladies in a fashionable shop of Bond Street, helping them in the choice of ribbons and other millinery. But what might hastily be deemed affectation was in Dr. Young not really such, but genuine courtesy and kindness of heart." The writer continues:—

"Sir Joseph Banks himself was necessarily a very conspicuous personage in these parties at his house. Seated and wheeled about in his arm-chair—his limbs helplessly knotted with gouty tumours—speaking no other language than English—and carrying his scientific knowledge little beyond the domain of natural history, he nevertheless looked the governing power of the Royal Society, and was such in reality. I had frequent occasion to notice the strong impression his aspect and demeanour made upon foreigners—men of science and others—who came over to England at this period of renewed continental intercourse."

To this succeeds a notice of Payne Knight:—

"If this house gave scientific repute to the now deserted region of Soho Square, that of Payne Knight, close at hand, gave it repute for classical learning, art, and luxury. The dinners at this house were curious illustrations of its owner—the consummate scholar, the sensualist, and the sceptic. I never dined with him without finding a large dish of lambs; and half a dozen learned men feeding on this and the other various luxuries of his table, with a relish which learning generally seems in no sort to impair."

The lectures of Davy and the labours of Faraday are next described; but with the nature of these few of us are unfamiliar.

Along with the degree of D.C.L., conferred by the University of Oxford, Sir H. Holland was elected one of the five honorary members of the Royal Academy—a literary distinction of the highest kind.

He next refers to that now venerable institution which, under the name of "The Club," *par excellence*, became the parent of those numerous institutions bearing the same name which are now so common. "The Club" was the creation more than a century ago of Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, and their companions. Writing of it in about 1870 or 1871, Sir Henry says:—

"At the centenary dinner in 1864 (at which twenty-six members were present out of the total number of thirty-five) our treasurer at that time, Dean Milman, produced a printed list of the members of the Club from its foundation to the present time, numbering 150 exactly—a document gathered from those very curious volumes which give written record also of the persons present at each successive dinner during this long period. As a series of autographs thus grouped together, these volumes are probably unique. A formula which Mr. Gibbon suggested for announcing the fact of his election to a new member is still scrupulously maintained. It speaks of the *honour* done to him in being admitted to the Club. Since the time when I received this honour, in 1840, very many indeed we have had to lament, removed by death—men who gave to the Club the reflection of their own eminence, and were themselves warmly attached to it. I may mention among the number, Lord Lansdowne, Macaulay, Hallam, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Holland, Lord Clarendon, Bishop Blomfield,

Bishop Coplestone, Sydney Smith, Sir G. Lewis, Whewell, Lord Kingsdown, Dean Milman, Senior, Eastlake, Hawtrey, etc. To this list must now be added the name of Grote—our latest loss, and lamented over by all who are capable of appreciating great learning, a most upright intellect, and a gentle and generous temper. The gaps thus made have been well and honourably filled up, and the fame of the Club fully sustained. Yet, when looking round our dinner-table, I cannot but feel at times how much the individualities are changed since I first sat there! With the exception of Lord Stanhope, I am now the oldest member."

Scarcely less interesting are the recollections of Hallam and of Lord Holland. A tribute to the memory of Bobus Smith, elder brother of Sydney, and father of the late Lord Lyveden, confirms all that has been handed down respecting the talents of that remarkable man.

To Sir Philip Francis and the great Junius controversy, Sir Henry Holland contributes this not, perhaps, unimportant remark, coming from an observer of his practised keenness:—

"I never heard the question mooted in Sir Philip Francis's presence; nor can I contribute more towards its solution than by saying that his temperament, even thus late in life, was of the *Junius stamp*; and that I never knew a man more likely to persist obstinately and angrily in a denial he had once given, irrespectively of other more special motives for concealment."

The following on Sir James Mackintosh is one of those passages that make us long for a fuller utterance:—

"Argument, logically framed and learnedly illustrated, but ever on his part candid and without passion, was the great luxury of Mackintosh's life—a luxury not less to any one who heard him engaged with a combatant worthy of himself. But unlike many of the men I have just named, he was tolerant even of mediocrity, if affording him in any way exercise for his reasoning powers. His learning and logic, if not appreciated by others, reacted pleasurably upon himself. I have elsewhere spoken of his conversational conflicts with Madame de Staël. Metaphysical and literary questions were those in which he had greatest delight; and in his devotion to them he too often put aside that steady labour which might have gained him one of the highest places among English historians. Many passages in his journals show, even painfully, his earnest longing to accomplish objects which his desultory habits of life rendered unattainable."

Sir Henry Holland mentions having revised the proof sheets of Dr. Whewell's two works on the Inductive Sciences as they were passing through the press.

Malthus, the author of the "Essay on Population," is described as a man of "genial, even gentle expression of features," with "a tremulous, stammering voice, seemingly little fitted for the utterance of any doctrine which could be deemed dangerous to social welfare."

Four celebrated lawyers are next brought forward. Lord Abinger is described as carrying the disputatious temper of the Courts into private life:—

"The control he had obtained in the Courts he could not relinquish out of them. Confident in his argumentative power, he loved by contradiction to provoke it; and whatever the subject might be, rarely conceded a point to his adversary. I have heard Sydney Smith say that he believed the most flattering compliment Scarlett ever uttered was one addressed to himself in the course of an argument between them: 'Do you know, Sydney, you're not altogether in the wrong.' The anecdote is thoroughly illustrative of the man. His florid and genial countenance sometimes entrapped strangers into disputes, which would have been shunned had their opponent been recognised and better understood."

And then the story is told of the art of the advocate in singling out some intelligent-looking jurymen, and appearing to address his remarks solely to that one man, hoping to flatter him by the selection, and thus win over his good offices with the rest of the jury and secure the verdict. Sir Samuel Romilly is noticed for his Roman cast of countenance and striking intellectual expression. The retrospect of Lord Erskine is not favourable. He is described as being in narrow circumstances, and given to small superstitions. The fourth in the series is Vice-Chancellor Sir John Leach, of whom we have the following somewhat disparaging account:—

"His was a character made up of curious contrasts. As a judge (I speak here from general report of the time) he was able and energetic; but irritable and impatient in his self-will, and often very offensive in his Court. In society he was a *petit maître* in dress and demeanour; his manner obsequious and fawning; his conversation made up of platitudes and commonplaces. Out of his profession, indeed, Leach was an ignorant man; and his continental tours, methodised strictly for every day before he set out, did little to redeem this ignorance. I once accidentally fell in with him in one of these journeys, and was much amused by his technical rule of travel, little guided by any knowledge of the places he visited. There were then no handbooks from which to gather ready-made knowledge, and I recollect one conversation with him after a German tour, in which, while speaking with admiration of Prague, he led me clearly to infer that he had never heard of this city before. I may notice, and with some belief in its truth, the opinion that it was the influence of Sir John Leach with George IV, and the advice he gave, which determined the trial of Queen Caroline, despite the opinions of Lord Liverpool and his colleagues in opposition to it."

We are next introduced to a number of remarkable women whom Sir Henry attended or knew as friends:—

"I have already spoken of Lady Holland, Princess Lieven, Madame de Staël, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Davy, and others. From my memory, while writing, I may further name Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Marcet, Joanna Baillie, Lady Anne Lindsay, Lady Dacre, Lady Morley, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Siddons, the Misses Berry, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Piozzi, etc. And to these I would fain add the less familiar name of Lydia White, cherished in the recollections of those, now very few indeed, who still survive her. This lively and kind-hearted woman, with no pretence to learning of any kind, and suffering under a disease

of which she well knew the certain and fatal issue, yet almost to the last made her house in Park Street the open and welcome resort of the best literary society of the day. Dinner parties elsewhere sent their most approved guests to 'look in at Lydia's' in the evening, where all who came were sure of a genial reception, of good society, and thorough freedom from constraint. The whimsical licence of her own speech gave some sanction to it in her guests. Many circles of society have gained fame in memoirs of the time, though less deserving it than the pleasant, open-hearted evenings at Lydia White's."

He then goes on to speak of Mrs. Marat, to whom, when Faraday wrote, he subscribed himself, "Your affectionate pupil;" of Joanna Baillie; and of Mrs. Somerville, who consulted him and took his advice on a point connected with her "Connexion of the Physical Sciences." He then mentions how he unwittingly offended Alexander von Humboldt by a too free criticism of the "Cosmos" in the "Quarterly Review." Next he speaks of Ehrenberg, then the "master-eye" in infusorial research; and of Schlegel, the translator into German of Shakespeare, and who used to say that to understand Shakespeare well an Englishman must hear what was said of him in Germany. The long series of celebrities terminates with the interesting but less well-known figures of Ugo Foscolo and Blanco White. This is his description of the former:—

"Foscolo, full of genius and original thought as his writings show, was fiery and impulsive almost to the verge of madness. I have seen him, under the excitement of contradiction, rise from a dinner-table and stamp round the room, his knife in his hand. His declamation of Dante was almost terrific in effect. He seemed to revel in the horrors of the *Dolente regno*, of which his harsh voice intensified the description. He lived in the literary world for a time, and partially supported himself by his writings; but, as might be expected, dropped gradually out of society and died in obscurity and neglect. I did all I could do to aid and solace him under his decay, but his pride made even this a matter of difficulty. The person whom I recollect as most resembling him was his countryman, Fuseli; as passionately eccentric in social life as he was in his paintings—a temperament which clung to him, as I myself witnessed, to the hour of his death."

Of the latter Sir Henry writes:—

"Blanco White—half English, half Spanish by descent—was one of the most striking cases I have known of 'that painful thinking which corrodes the clay.' He lived in an atmosphere of doubts and gloomy thoughts, all directed to religious questions and the destinies of man. His writings and the acts of his life show, what his countenance and conversation well depicted, the unceasing and painful restlessness of his mind on these topics. He sent for me frequently; but the inborn temperament of the man was too strong to allow of remedy, and any relief I could give was speedily lost in the chaos of changeful thoughts and speculations which haunted him to the hour of his death. The persistent kindness of Archbishop Whately to Blanco White, in spite of some obloquy incurred thereby, was one of the many traits which do honour to the memory of that excellent but eccentric prelate."



With a pleasant glimpse of President Lincoln our long list of extracts must close:—

"Of the six Presidents of the United States whom I have known, including Andrew Johnson, he seemed to me the only one gifted with humour. I recollect sitting with him and Mr. Seward over a log-fire in the White House (the Federal forts and General Lee's dismantled villa seen from the windows across the Potomac), a few hours only after intelligence had been received of the first disastrous battle of Chattanooga. The conversation at first centred on this event; but the cheerful temperament of these two remarkable men gradually transferred it to other topics; and the President amused himself and us by some of those racy anecdotes which so often convey more of practical truth than any dry reasoning can afford—now and then stopping for a moment to put a fresh log on the fire. The possession of this simple and genial humour, not alloyed by any personal asperities, helped greatly that popularity, which was mainly due to the honesty and consistency of the man, in times of unforeseen and perilous trial to his country."

Remarking upon his own advanced years, Sir Henry describes himself as noting, and deliberately providing for, every symptom of the inevitable decline of his powers; and whilst he still finds himself able to travel, to study, and to enjoy society, he does not forget, as he says, the maxim of Bacon, that "a healthy old man is a tower undermined."

It was during last year, 1873, when Sir Henry Holland was in his eighty-fifth year, that the "undermining of the tower" became apparent. After a journey to Russia and back, on his way through Paris, where he was present at the trial of Marshal Bazaine, he was seized with a slight attack of cold, which induced him to return to London, and very shortly after his return to his house in Brook Street he expired, with his powers of mind apparently unimpaired to the last, after a life of extraordinary activity, and an experience of distinguished persons which was quite unequalled.

## Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

### THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

"Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us."—Eph. v. 2.

THOU shalt subdue the pride of life by love.  
Love is the light that ever round thee springing,  
Shall show thee thy poor self: so, closer clinging  
To Him who loved thee, all His Heaven above  
Shall open to thine eye, the Holy Dove  
About thee hover, and His Angels, winging  
Melodious flight, encompass thee with singing  
So sweet thine heart will be too blest to rove.  
So strong is Love: and only Love is strong  
To stay thy feet upon the pinnacle.  
Light of reproof and winning power of song  
Are of the nearness of Emmanuel.  
Only with Jesus, only at His side,  
Loving, beloved, canst thou conquer Pride.

## Varieties.

CARRASCO. — The Protestants of Madrid are still deeply affected at the great loss they have sustained in the death of their beloved pastor, Don Antonio Carrasco, who was one of the victims of the Ville du Havre disaster. Carrasco was but sixteen years old when he became a Protestant and took an active part in forming a little congregation, whose services had to be all held with the greatest secrecy. When they were discovered by the authorities, Carrasco, with eight others, was committed to prison for trial, and after being kept there two years, they were finally condemned to nine years' hard labour. At that time the Evangelical Alliance was holding one of its yearly conferences, and indignant at such an act of the Spanish tribunals, worthy of the dark ages, it sent a delegation to Madrid of its most distinguished members to remonstrate with the Government and demand pardon for the culprits. The pardon was not granted, but the sentence was commuted into that of *perpetual exile*. Carrasco then proceeded to Switzerland, where he made rapid and brilliant progress in the theological studies to which he devoted himself, and thus prepared, he returned to Spain immediately after the revolution, and devoted himself forthwith to preaching the gospel to his countrymen. He soon attained great prestige in the pulpit, and the church he founded—that of Madera Baja—was the largest and most flourishing in all Spain. He also took an active part in the Abolition question, and latterly always formed one of the chief attractions of the meetings held in favour of that cause. Castelar, who highly esteemed him, predicted that he would soon be one of the most powerful orators of Spain. He has been cut off in his prime, in the midst of his active and untiring services, and I cannot but add, in case this account should reach sympathising persons who are able to spare to the afflicted, that he has left a young wife scarce twenty, and three little ones, the eldest of whom is not yet three years old, utterly destitute and homeless.—*Correspondent of Echo*.

LIFEBOAT SERVICES IN 1873. — By the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution 469 lives were rescued during the year 1873, and 21 vessels saved from destruction. During the same period the institution granted rewards for saving 197 lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of 666 lives saved last year mainly through its instrumentality. Altogether the institution has contributed from its formation to the saving of 22,151 shipwrecked persons, for which services it has granted 935 gold and silver medals, and £41,374 in money. When it is remembered that nearly every life saved by lifeboats has been rescued under perilous circumstances, the crews often incurring much risk and exposure throughout stormy days and nights, it is gratifying and encouraging to know that services so perilous in their character have been attended with such great success. It is also a remarkable fact that during the last twenty-two years the institution has not lost from all causes more than twenty-nine persons from its own lifeboats. It is always a pleasure to report the services of this noble institution. The scandalous facts brought to light, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Pimmsoll, make us feel the more pity for the poor seamen, who are often the unwilling and unconscious victims of the unprincipled schemes covered by marine insurances. The majority of respectable shipowners are doing their best to expose the nefarious practices of the few who have for a time brought discredit on British navigation.

NEEDLEWORK IN BOARD SCHOOLS. — A sensible lady has communicated to a northern journal her ideas about the teaching of needlework in schools. "The London School Board, probably owing to the presence of ladies among its members, is quite awake to the necessity of encouraging needlework. It allows £3 16s. a year for every 100 girls, to provide working materials, and has appointed an examiner in needlework, whose report was published a few days back. A very discouraging one it is, speaking of no system in the teaching, no proper classification, and that the children are scarcely ever kept diligently at work the allotted time. It concludes by saying, 'that there is a great desire on the part of the teachers to have needlework made a paying subject; as it does not produce any revenue to the school, it has to give way whenever any special cause produces an extra pressure of work.' The plain truth about needlework is that, as long as the Code and human nature remain what they are, mistress and managers will devote their best time and energy to those branches which bring them credit in the inspector's report, and emolument from the government grant. Now for a few practical suggestions. The

amount each child, boy or girl, over seven can earn for the school is 12s. by passing in the three subjects—reading, writing, and arithmetic; 4s. each subject. In girls' schools this 12s. might be divided into four parts of 3s. and needlework made the fourth subject. Another way would be to make needlework a 4s. subject along with the others, and in girls' schools to pay less a-head on the average attendance. Then there is a third way, and the one which all the schoolmistresses would prefer—namely, that needlework should be promoted into that grand list of extra subjects I have already mentioned, 'algebra, physiology, and the rest,' for which 3s. a pass may now be paid in the three highest standards. I should like to see needlework made a compulsory extra subject, so that each child who was examined at all should be examined in it. So much for the pecuniary part. In some schools it would certainly increase the government grant; in others, like my own, where we already earn nearly half our expenditure, it would of course make little difference. There must be standards in work as in the other subjects. In the highest, a girl ought to be able to cut out and make every article of her dress. The arrangement into standards is already done in that clever little book, published by Longmans, 'The Standard Needlework Book,' designed for primary schools, and as a handbook for inspectors. The only difficulty in the business is the examination. My suggestion is that the work should be done before the managers on an appointed annual day, and in an allotted time. The managers should certify that it is the *bond-fide* unassisted work of the child whose name and standard are labelled on it. All the work should then be packed up immediately and sent to the district examiner, who, I trust, would be a lady. She would report on it and grant or withhold a pass for each child. The package need not be bulky, for in the lower standards the work would be merely a small piece of material with samples of the different stitches; in the higher standards it would only be necessary to cut out miniature garments to scale. But throughout the standards attention must be paid to those most useful arts in the homes of the poor—darning, mending, and patching. After all, as some one has shrewdly said, poor women have often to do up old clothes than to make new ones. In conclusion, I would most earnestly commend the subject to Mr. Forster, in the hope that when next he lays the Code on the table of the House of Commons there may be a new article on needlework in it, heralding a good time coming in many a humble home. Surely he would find it refreshing to turn to this quiet, peaceful subject, from those abstract questions now being fought out so fiercely that the poor ignorant little children seem often quite forgotten, and the puzzled bystander might think education was merely a matter of ecclesiastical differences, and of ratepayers' purses."

**ECCLESIASTICAL PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES.**—According to the Reports of the Ninth Census, lately issued, the aggregate of property belonging to the various religious bodies in the United States is returned as follows. We give the sums in round numbers:—The Methodists, £14,500,000; the Roman Catholics, £12,700,000; Protestant Episcopal Church, £7,600,000; the Baptists, £8,500,000; the Lutheran Church, £3,100,000; the Presbyterians, £11,000,000; the "Reformed Church," £3,400,000; the Unitarians, £1,300,000; the Jewish, £1,000,000; the Congregational body, £5,200,000; the "Universalists," £1,180,000; the "Christians," £1,340,000; the Mormons, £136,000; the "Shakers," £18,000; the Moravians, £148,000; the "Friends" (*i.e.*, Quakers), £820,000. The total of religious property is given at £73,850,000, as against £35,700,000 in 1860, and £18,000,000 in 1850.

**THE AGE OF PARLIAMENTS.**—The present Parliament was begun at Westminster on the 10th of December, 1868, and therefore has only completed its fifth year. Most of the Parliaments of the present reign came to a premature end through accidental circumstances. The Parliament sitting when her Majesty came to the throne was, of course, dissolved as soon as conveniently might be, for a new general election under the new reign. The Parliament then elected in 1837 was dissolved in 1841 in consequence of a vote of want of confidence in the Government being carried in the House of Commons. The Parliament elected in 1847 was dissolved in 1852; Lord Derby, on coming into power in that year, stating that he thought the country should have an opportunity of pronouncing judgment on the entire general policy of Lord J. Russell's Government, and that the election must decide the great question of our commercial policy. The Parliament then elected in 1852 was dissolved in 1857, in consequence of Lord Palmerston's Ministry being in a minority in the House of Commons in a division on the war in China. The Parliament elected in 1857 was dis-

solved in 1859, in consequence of the Derby Ministry being defeated in the House of Commons. The Parliament elected in 1865 was dissolved in 1868, Reform Acts having been passed, and it being judged proper that the reformed constituency should elect a new Parliament. It will be observed that two Parliaments of the present reign are not mentioned in the above enumeration—namely, the Parliament elected in 1841, and the Parliament elected in 1859. Those two Parliaments were not brought to a premature end by accident; and each of the two, besides a short autumnal session at the beginning of their career, sat through six regular sessions, or one more than the present Parliament has yet seen.

**INDIAN NOMENCLATURE.**—The orthography of proper names now sanctioned by the Government of India is Dr. Hunter's system, which is based upon that of Sir William Jones. Dr. Hunter's rules are as follow:—Short a (as in the second syllable of tartan) is expressed by a; long a (as in the first syllable of tartan) is expressed by ā; long a, as in say, by e. The letter i, as in fit, is expressed by i; i or ee, as in police or meet, by ī; i, as in ride, by ai. Further, ow or ou, as in crowd or cloud, is expressed by au; u or oo, as in fool, by ū; ū, as in but, by a. Names which have acquired a fixity of spelling from historical or popular usage, such as Calcutta or Bombay, are left untouched, except that when they end in nagor, nagore, or nuggur, the termination nagar is to be uniformly used, and pur is always to be adhered to in place of pore or poor.

**ACUCUA JAPONICA.**—A correspondent sends a correction: "In the 'Leisure Hour,' 1132, Sept. 6th, 1873, in the article on 'Cultivated Plants and the Time of their Introduction,' the female *Acucua Japonica* is spoken of as having been the recently introduced plant. The original introduction was the female plant and the berry-bearing plant. The male was introduced only a few years ago, and it is to the male that we are indebted to the female now bearing berries. There were some green varieties of the female introduced, but the important introduction was the male plant. Those beautiful variegated plants so common in our shrubberies are all female. I refer, of course, to the variegated form in cultivation before the male was introduced. B. P."

**THIERS' REPUBLICAN CONFESSION.**—On one afternoon in 1869, we received a visit at our hotel from two friends, both Frenchmen—the Count A. de Circourt and the Count de Belvéze. Politics, of course, formed the staple of our long conversation, Grote gradually becoming animated by their respective predictions about the pending changes in the course of the Government. Indeed, the malady under which the chief of the Executive was then suffering rendered political speculation more bold and active than had been possible for a length of time. Towards the end of the visit, M. de Belvéze, amused by Grote's seeming to doubt the chances of France returning to Republicanism, in spite of all that the two friends had been telling him of its probability, said, "Well, now, I will recount to you what befell me this very day, and you shall judge whether the incident does not confirm our own opinions. I was on my way to call on my physician, when I met M. Thiers. 'Come with me,' cries he, 'and we will have a talk as we walk.' 'I cannot do so, for I must go and see Dr. —.' 'Ah! never mind your doctor, a walk with me will do you much more good than any doctor?' Thus saying, Thiers tucked his arm under that of M. de Belvéze, and off they went together—naturally, since I never knew any one to resist the fascination of M. Thiers' company if offered to him. M. de Belvéze certainly could not, anyhow. They plunged at once into the "situation actuelle" of course. "You know," said M. Thiers, "as well as every one else, that I never was a Republican; my whole life has been spent in antagonism with Republican doctrines." "Certainly," rejoined M. de Belvéze, "we know it enough." "Well," replied M. Thiers, "for all that, I will frankly own to you that I have of late come to think differently. In plain terms, I am now profoundly persuaded *qu'il n'y a rien de possible que la République*. "Now, what say you to this *confession de foi*?" said M. de Belvéze, smiling. We all held our peace. The communication seemed to take all three of us by surprise.—*Life of Mr. Grote.*

**HANDEL IN FRANCE.**—Handel's oratorio, the "Messiah," was performed at the Circus, in the Champs Elysées, Paris, in December last. No less than 131 years have been required for this *chef d'œuvre* to pass over the narrow space that separates England from France. Since 1742, when the work was performed for the first time in London, it has had to wait until 1873 before it could make itself known in Paris! However, the French public acclaimed with enthusiasm this production of Handel.